

WE BEGIN TO REAP IN SORROW WHAT WE HAVE SOWN IN MEXICO

(BY H. D. S.)

AS THIS war proceeds, and crisis after crisis arises to menace our own peace and safety, The Herald becomes more and more convinced that the mass of the people fails to realize what the world is passing through. This is the return of chaos—the travail that must precede the birth of a new world. Other trials, since there have been wars, have been of a nature of significance beside this trial.

It involves the deepest fundamentals of human nature.

It goes back to the origins of all philosophies and religions.

The war is the most searching test ever put upon mankind.

It is the most terrible challenge ever put before man's will.

The world must decide whether it will progress or regress.

It is deciding now.

And the American republic cannot remain aloof.

The American republic cannot escape the consequences of wrong decisions.

Are we rising to the occasion?

We are not.

We seem to have lost the power to exert moral FORCE about anything of world importance, just as we have lost the power to exert moral FORCE in relation to Mexico and the welfare of our citizens on foreign soil.

Our words carry no weight.

The United States is a NON-ENTITY so far as world affairs are concerned; we have become so by deliberate choice. There is yet plenty of time to find ourselves and bring moral FORCE into play for constructive and directive service in this awful time.

Shall we do it?

Or shall we retain our narrow, shallow attitude of smug self-deceit while the world goes by?

This war has got beyond a contest between soldiers or governments. It is a war of peoples, of whole nations.

England seems to strive to drive the German people into submission; the German people do not purpose to be starved without resisting the British program so boldly announced. England inaugurated the "commercial war" of complete starvation, against noncombatants; Germany takes one further step downward by assassinating noncombatants.

England's murderous acts in compliance with her brutal program of general starvation are indirect; Germany's are direct. It is not clear what moral distinction can be drawn between the two; people are killed as dead by starvation as by nitroglycerine. As Sir John Fisher, commanding the British navy, declared, "There

is no such thing as humane war."

On both sides now, it is admittedly a war of extermination.

Passions have been loosed that generations cannot bind. The world is shocked, by this war, so deeply that it cannot recover its moral health for centuries.

Europe now goes back to the jungle for its moral code, reverting to a primeval state as suddenly and completely as our valley vineyards reverted to desert when water failed.

The El Paso Herald fails to find any greater inspiration or justification on one side than on the other.

It is chaos, out of which a new world will eventually be born—the world that existed before July 1914 will not be seen again. Sordid, selfish, cruel, shallow, bestial—engagingly mistaken upon death errands, inviting all punishments the universe can connect—this is Europe today, and we search in vain for any worthy ideal, aim, or moral program.

At such a time, the United States has nothing to suggest, no help to offer. We are making money out of the war, and we, as a nation, seem to be quite satisfied with our situation, so long as we can save our wealth, our resources, our territory, and our skins intact.

We have no plans, we are making no preparations. We are performing no service, serving no moral purpose, and our national voice does not carry 20 yards in the storm.

We are impatient, and proud of our impotence.

The Herald sets forth these things only to set men to thinking, for the way of constructive service has not been revealed. America does not enjoy the true friendship or confidence of any of the belligerents. They acknowledge no rights of ours except those that they choose to acknowledge, and we enjoy no rights today on the high seas or abroad—no rights, nothing but privileges extended to us for their own purposes by some belligerents.

The world knows that we do not any more make claims or demands, whatever the wording of our dispatches; we supplicate, in wolfish tones, and in lamblike meekness of spirit we accept the meager offerings so freely pledged and so grudgingly bestowed.

Germany no doubt thinks she is serving a righteous cause, when she blows up the Lusitania. Tomorrow there may be another; what should we do about it? The president speaks of our "example" accomplishing a "healing and elevating influence." Our "example" of NOT blowing up passenger ships on the high seas does not seem to have "influenced" Germany much in this instance. The "elevating" influence of the torpedo seems to have outinfluenced the "healing" influence of our fine example and our scrupulous neutrality.

On one thing the representative newspaper press of

the United States agrees: that we must not go to war with Germany over the Lusitania. So far as we know, not one representative paper has taken the opposite stand.

The point, the balance, of the American people thus manifested is most admirable. There was an opportunity to work up a great war fever, and to plunge this country into the vortex through misallied patriotism. That tragedy has been happily averted.

Nobody wants war. The administration at Washington can claim no credit for "keeping the country out of war with Germany" for it would earn the denunciation of the whole country if it should take an opposite course. The country is practically united in this thought.

Now what is the motive of the thought? Is it fear? Fear of losing money, trade, life? Fear of future consequences? Fear of endless complications in international affairs? Or is it a truly moral horror of waging war, a righteous hate of using armed force? We shall not attempt to answer these queries. Men must do their own thinking.

Our government had previously issued a formal, positive, official warning that it would hold Germany to strict accountability; and now we have experienced the deliberate and premeditated murder of over 100 of our citizens by a foreign government, perpetrated under conditions of peculiar atrocity, and we have not the slightest idea what to do about it, so we write another note.

We are counseled to "keep calm" but the counsel is unnecessary. Nobody seems to be very much disturbed about it. The one thing we are all agreed upon is that we do not want to go to war about it.

Light on the American government's attitude regarding the loss of life on the Lusitania is afforded by the course of the government in Mexican affairs. President Taft warned the Americans in Mexico to get out and stay out, and many times the government has announced in one way and another that it could not and would not undertake to protect Americans in Mexico; Americans have been told that they entered the republic at their own personal risk and they have been given to understand that their government would not lift a finger to protect them from death, violence, or despoliation.

Would it be consistent to ask Germany to afford a degree of protection to our people on the high seas in time of war that we have refused to afford to our own people in Mexico or along the border? Americans who feel that they must travel to Europe might go in American or other neutral ships, but even these would be subject to attack.

A valued subscriber the other day "stopped the

paper" because he "could not stand The Herald's jingo militarism." We defy anybody to find anything in The Herald in the last 17 years that smacks of jingoism or militarism. The Herald has consistently stood for peace with honor, and for a reasonable degree of preparedness for emergency. The Herald has taken the stand from first to last in the Mexican matter that rational diplomatic conduct founded in hearty good will and sound Americanism would never have provoked hostility but would have averted most of the wrongs we have suffered.

The Herald would not urge going to war over the Lusitania affair, but it deprecates the government's error of issuing a terrible threat which we had no intention of making good.

So in Mexico: The Herald has never advocated armed reprisals, invasion, or intervention, believing them to be justified only as the ultimate resort after all diplomatic resources had been exhausted; and The Herald believes with senator Lodge that "Diplomacy has never been tried."

The Herald believes, however, that the right degree of firmness in the beginning would have created a different feeling—a feeling not of fear, but of respect—so that the outrages would never have occurred. And The Herald believes further that in the Lusitania affair we have begun to reap what we have sown in Mexico. The whole world knows we have no intention of making our threats good; so why continue to make threats, which are ally bluffs as we all know?

The precedent we have set in Mexico during the last four years will guide the people and government of the United States in the Lusitania crisis, and probably further on. Whether that precedent is a good one or not, let each reader decide for himself—The Herald's sentiment about it is well known.

In relation to Mexico and in relation to Germany we have officially made threats which we had no intention of making good under any possible conditions. Thus we invite deliberate assault and at the very least we invite careless disregard of our national rights.

Frankly, Germany does not care how many Americans she assassinates on British passenger ships, and Mexico does not care how far she trespasses on the rights of Americans; they all know that there will be nothing done about it, whatever they choose to do.

Senator William E. Borah, a member of the foreign relations committee of the United States senate, expresses the thought that is in the mind of many citizens and is helping to influence the American attitude toward Germany in the Lusitania case, when he says:

"I do not anticipate any decisive action or any change of policy upon the part of the authorities at

Washington based on the sinking of the Lusitania. That disaster and the loss of lives of American citizens would ordinarily arouse great feeling throughout the country and doubtless the American people do feel deeply upon this subject. As my mind the sinking of the ship, a foe upon which happen to be found American citizens, is by no means to be compared with the act of hunting out, robbing, ravishing and murdering American citizens found in a neighboring country."

We have lost more citizens in Mexico than we lost on the Lusitania, and as we policy with reference to Mexico seems to be well settled and accepted, there is no possible reason why we should apply a different policy toward Germany. I don't anticipate any change of policy because of this unfortunate occurrence."

I am expressing my view as to what our policy will be rather than what it should be. I don't hesitate to say that I do not agree with the "peace at any price" policy.

"This republic should face a world in arms rather than have it said that American women may be ravished and American citizens murdered on the very doorstep of the republic."

And yet, in saying this I would not expect war as a result of such a policy. We are far more likely to keep out of war in the long run by a bold determined policy of indifference to American citizens than by the policy of indifference. "The world accepts the standards we ourselves set up and treats us accordingly."

The American people have forgotten what it is to be safe abroad. It is now well known throughout the world that the United States will not protect its citizens, or take notice of outrages beyond writing notes. Germany, having watched our course in Mexico and elsewhere in the last few years, perfectly knew that she had nothing to fear from us when she torpedoed the Lusitania and killed nearly 150 of our people.

Events will prove that she made no mistake in her understanding of the limits of our virility; but the time was when Germany would have dared to risk the displeasure of the United States in such a way after our positive warning had been issued. By our own failures we have tempted other powers to assail us; it has been said that the Mexican army could take New York city without bringing on a crisis.

As a nation, we have lost the power to feel a hurt to our nationality. Nothing makes any difference with us any more. We argue our foreign policy with foreigners, content ourselves with warning our own people to stay out of trouble, and receive insults and aggressions as tolerantly as the circus clown receives the application of tar and feathers.

It is one thing to be calm and self-possessed—it is quite another thing to be callous, indifferent, or afraid.

It is time we Americans were taking our bearings and changing our course, if we would avoid drifting into more serious difficulties than this republic has faced in 100 years, with the single exception of the civil war.

Valet is Part Man and Part Dry Nurse: Painless Method of Adjusting Collars and Collar Buttons

BY GEORGE FITCH.

A VALET is a painless method of finding and adjusting collar buttons.

He is part man and part dry nurse. His mission in life is to dress another man and act as custodian of his clothes.

A good valet does this so successfully that his master is relieved from all worry about his clothes. This is a very rich man is enabled to become a carefree regarding his trousers and shirts as a tramp.

It will thus readily be seen that a valet is a great luxury. However, not everyone can have a valet. He is an expensive to maintain as an automobile and a lot harder to learn to run. Many a man who has a valet has been out of the valet's hands for a long time after years of endeavor has yielded for help when it comes to maintaining a valet in the style to which he has been accustomed, and has had to totter wearily through life putting the studs in his dress shirt himself.

There are few sights more painful than that of a lonely, well-laid millionaire, trying to make a valet out of an affable human being out of a valet who has been brought up with a duke, and getting instead only cold and suspicious hostility.

Some men who have tried to win love and friendship of a valet for several years have become so disgusted

with the whole business that they have invested their money in Mexican stock and have gone happily to work in the dirt shirt once more.

The best valets are imported. In fact, America produces very few valets and those of a poor quality. There is something in the American atmosphere which prevents the production of perfect valets. An American made valet may serve successfully for a few weeks, but he is likely at the end of the time to bang his master's head against the bureau and to go away and run for soldier. There is no stability among the native grown valets.

The finest valets come from England. There valeting is an art and a hereditary talent. A man who has pulled on the shoes of a British peer for 30 years is prouder of the fact than the American manufacturer who made the said shoes.

However there is one fault of the English valet when used in America. He is too cold and chilly and will not adjust sufficiently to discuss baseball with his master. In order to enjoy a valet thoroughly one must go to Europe, where he flourishes, and get try him to import him to a suit to which he is not indigenous.

Wiggly was hot back at the hollow stump bungalow. Nurse Jane thought perhaps he had stayed to lunch with Grandfather Goosey Gander. But when afternoon arrived, and the rabbit gentleman was not yet home, Nurse Jane grew quite worried.

"I wonder where Uncle Wiggly can be," she said to Aunt Lettie, the goat lady.

"Oh, he is probably having an adventure," Aunt Lettie answered, as she nibbled at a bit of circus poster paper with some cinnamon paste on one side. Goats love to chew paper.

Uncle Wiggly was having an adventure, but it was not a very nice one, as you and I know. But of course, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy didn't know it until later.

Then, as the hours passed, and Uncle Wiggly did not return, the muskrat lady grew more and more nervous. Finally she called Grandfather Goosey

to her. "Grandfather," she called, "Uncle Wiggly is not home, and I am very worried. Please go and find him."

Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goat, went out into the woods and found Uncle Wiggly. He was sitting on a tree branch, looking down at a small box in his paws. "What's in that box?" Grandfather Goosey asked.

"It's a little book," Uncle Wiggly answered. "It's about the life of a valet. I'm reading it to see if I can get myself lost."

"You're not going to be lost?" Grandfather Goosey asked.

"No, I'm not," Uncle Wiggly answered. "I'm just going to be a valet for a while. It's a very interesting job."

Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goat, went back home and told Nurse Jane. "Uncle Wiggly is going to be a valet," he said. "He's very smart."

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy was very happy. "That's just what I need," she said. "I'll be able to get my clothes adjusted without any trouble."

Uncle Wiggly, the rabbit, was very happy. "I'm going to be a valet," he said. "It's a very interesting job."

He looked up and down, and also sideways, and then a little way ahead of him the rabbit saw a nice yellow carrot lying on the path.

"That's just what I need," Uncle Wiggly said. "I'll be able to get my clothes adjusted without any trouble."

He looked over to the carrot, but he had not taken more than two bites and part for pulled one when, all of a sudden the rabbit gentleman found his hind paws pulled from under him, and then up in the air he went with a jerk.

"My goodness - me - shakes - alive," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly in a breathless voice. "What can have happened to me? Did I go up in my airship by mistake? I wonder."

But when he found himself dangling head downward, held high up in a tree by a string around his waist, he knew he was not in his airship, but in a trap.

"Well, well," sorrowfully exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "Of all things! An old rabbit, as wise as I am supposed to be, getting caught in a trap like that! I should have known better. My! my! I am very much ashamed. Now let me see if I can get myself loose."

It was not going to be easy—Uncle Wiggly knew that. His two hind paws were caught in a coil of string that was tied to a tree, which tree bent over like a fishing pole when the hook is caught under water. Uncle Wiggly's tail silk had and his glasses had fallen off, and he had dropped his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

"Oh, I am in a dreadful pickle!" said Uncle Wiggly. "A sour, mustard kind of a pickle, too! That carrot was only bait for a trap. When I nibbled the carrot I sprang the trap, and here

I am hanging in the air. How can I get down?"

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam up and fro, dangling from the string like the pendulum of a clock. But, try as he did, he could not get loose.

There Uncle Wiggly hung, and hour after hour went past, and he could not get loose. None of his animal friends passed that way through the woods to help him down, though the rabbit gentleman called as loudly as he could. "Help! Help! Help!"

When dinner time came, and Uncle

Wiggly was still hanging in the air, how can I get down?

Wiggly was hot back at the hollow stump bungalow. Nurse Jane thought perhaps he had stayed to lunch with Grandfather Goosey Gander. But when afternoon arrived, and the rabbit gentleman was not yet home, Nurse Jane grew quite worried.

"I wonder where Uncle Wiggly can be," she said to Aunt Lettie, the goat lady.

"Oh, he is probably having an adventure," Aunt Lettie answered, as she nibbled at a bit of circus poster paper with some cinnamon paste on one side. Goats love to chew paper.

Uncle Wiggly was having an adventure, but it was not a very nice one, as you and I know. But of course, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy didn't know it until later.

Then, as the hours passed, and Uncle Wiggly did not return, the muskrat lady grew more and more nervous. Finally she called Grandfather Goosey

to her. "Grandfather," she called, "Uncle Wiggly is not home, and I am very worried. Please go and find him."

Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goat, went out into the woods and found Uncle Wiggly. He was sitting on a tree branch, looking down at a small box in his paws. "What's in that box?" Grandfather Goosey asked.

"It's a little book," Uncle Wiggly answered. "It's about the life of a valet. I'm reading it to see if I can get myself lost."

"You're not going to be lost?" Grandfather Goosey asked.

"No, I'm not," Uncle Wiggly answered. "I'm just going to be a valet for a while. It's a very interesting job."

Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goat, went back home and told Nurse Jane. "Uncle Wiggly is going to be a valet," he said. "He's very smart."

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy was very happy. "That's just what I need," she said. "I'll be able to get my clothes adjusted without any trouble."

Uncle Wiggly, the rabbit, was very happy. "I'm going to be a valet," he said. "It's a very interesting job."

He looked up and down, and also sideways, and then a little way ahead of him the rabbit saw a nice yellow carrot lying on the path.

"That's just what I need," Uncle Wiggly said. "I'll be able to get my clothes adjusted without any trouble."

He looked over to the carrot, but he had not taken more than two bites and part for pulled one when, all of a sudden the rabbit gentleman found his hind paws pulled from under him, and then up in the air he went with a jerk.

"My goodness - me - shakes - alive," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly in a breathless voice. "What can have happened to me? Did I go up in my airship by mistake? I wonder."

But when he found himself dangling head downward, held high up in a tree by a string around his waist, he knew he was not in his airship, but in a trap.

"Well, well," sorrowfully exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "Of all things! An old rabbit, as wise as I am supposed to be, getting caught in a trap like that! I should have known better. My! my! I am very much ashamed. Now let me see if I can get myself loose."

It was not going to be easy—Uncle Wiggly knew that. His two hind paws were caught in a coil of string that was tied to a tree, which tree bent over like a fishing pole when the hook is caught under water. Uncle Wiggly's tail silk had and his glasses had fallen off, and he had dropped his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

"Oh, I am in a dreadful pickle!" said Uncle Wiggly. "A sour, mustard kind of a pickle, too! That carrot was only bait for a trap. When I nibbled the carrot I sprang the trap, and here

I am hanging in the air. How can I get down?"

Well, poor Uncle Wiggly twisted and turned and swam